Old England for Ever!

OR

A Fig for the Invaſion.

A COMIC OPERA.

IN TWO ACTS,

WRITTEN BY

ARCHIBALD M'LAREN,

Late Serjeant in the *Dunbartonſhire Highlanders.*

Author of the *Coup-de-Main, Siege of Perth, Siege of Berwick, American Slaves, Highland Drover, What News from Bantry Bay, Account of the Inſurrection in Ireland &c.*

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"Now good Monſ. Frog you'll humbug us no more".

Iriſh Song.

BRISTOL,

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PREFACE.

SOME *Authors have announced their Works into the world with an apology ſomething to this purpoſe,* "*Had it not been at the requeſt of ſome of my beſt friends, this work had never ſeen the world.*" *Now my caſe is quite the reverſe, for it is at the inſtigation of one of my greateſt enemies (that is to ſay, my Poverty) that this little Piece troubles the world.—But will the world be troubled with it?—Aye, there's the queſtion—will it overlook that great deficiency in my Title-page* "*As it was performed*"—*No it was not perform'd (tho' ſome of my productions have) But may not the Public voice, which has ſaved many a triſle on the inſide, extend is clemency to mine on the outſide of a Theatre. My* "*What News from Bantry Bay,*" *(approved by Mr. Daly the Manager) was publiſhed in Dublin, where many of the firſt rank in Ireland honoured my Subſcription list with their Names. After receiving my diſcharge, I publiſhed a ſhort Account of the Inſurrection (to moſt of which I was an eye-witneſs) and met with a very flattering encouragement in Waterford. On my arrival in Briſtol, I ventured a ſecond Edition, in the Preface of which I told the Ladies and Gentlemen that my Pamphlet was my Barn, my Shop, my Storehouſe, from which I hoped to draw a ſubſiſtance for myſelf & family; and now I tell the world that I never wou'd wiſh for a better market.---Briſtol accept my thanks, may you ever—I would pray, but I want words adequate to the occaſion. The Story of the inſurrection growing ſtale, I found it neceſſary to think of another Subject. I made choice of that which lay nearest my heart,* "*Old England for Ever*" (*in which I include Scotland, Wales & Ireland*) *thoſe who wiſh it well will encourage me, & thoſe who do not let me rather want than be indebted to them for a favour. My next application ſhall be to Bath; ladies, lords and gentlemen you have the means to make me happy, I have only the wiſh to make you ſo. But why ſhould I doubt, I know that every day will add to the debt of gratitude I owe to—to what? to what! why to*---Old England for Ever!

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Mr. TEDDY O'CREDULOUS.
CAPTAIN FIRMLOVE.
YEOMAN.
THOMAS.
DENNY M'VAPOUR, alias Monſieur Raſto de Float Campo.
SNATCHIM.
TIMOTHY CLIPSHEARS.

JENNY.
SOPHIA.
MRS. SCOREWELL.

Advertiſement.

It has been the cuſtom of ſome Writers to introduce Songs written by other Perſons, into Productions of this nature; but as I was always an enemy to Plagiariſm, I choſe rather to inſert Trifles of my own. If I tell the Reader they are exceeding good, perhaps he may not find it convenient to believe me; on the other hand, if he tells me they are exceeding bad, I'm afraid I ſhall feel ſomething ſqueamiſh in giving my aſſent to his opinion. Therefore let me beg leave to compromiſe or ſplit the difference, as the common Phraſe is, we ſhall ſay they are "ſo and ſo" "middling" "between the two" or any thing the Reader pleaſes, ſo as he allows them to be paſſable.

Old England for Ever!

ACT I.—SCENE I.

CAPTAIN and THOMAS.

Capt. NAY, nay, but my good fellow, as you're Clerk and Secretary to old Mr. O'Credulous, you can procure me an interview with Sophia.

Tho. Do you think I can?

Capt. I know you can, therefore let me ſee her once more, To-morrow ſhe may be another's. Is not my rival, Mr. Denny M'Vapour, expected here to night.

Tho. He is, but let him come when he will, he ſhall meet with Frenchmen's fare, diſappointment.

Capt. How can that be, her father approves—

Tho. But I don't approve, ſo let that ſatisfy you. Do you know Snatchim the conſtable?

Capt. I never ſaw him.

Tho. So much the better. I've perſuaded him that Monſieur Raſto, de Float Campo, the French General-----

Capt. Sure you dream, Thomas, the French General's name is Humbert.

Tho. Never mind that, we can make what we pleaſe of a Frenchman. I've perſuaded the Conſtable that Government has offered a reward of 20,000*l* for the French General. I told him alſo that he's lurking about this place.

Capt. But what is that to the purpoſe?

Tho. More than you are aware of. Snatchim deſired me to hire him a ſtout fellow as an aſſiſtant ---Will you have a job?

Capt. A job!

Tho. Yes, diſguiſe yourſelf as a Clown, I'll recommend you to the conſtable, and you ſhall both come and take away M'Vapour, inſtead of the French General.

Capt. My dear fellow how ſhall I reward you?

Tho. You've rewarded me long ago. I have not forgot your kindneſs at Bath.

Capt. You always remember that, Thomas.

Tho. Yes, I always paid intereſt with my gratitude; now I'm happy I can clear off a little of the principal with my friendſhip. When you have taken away M'Vapour, come back, I'll introduce you into the houſe, & let me alone to ſqueeze the old father for his conſent.

Capt. Honeſt fellow? 'tis generous to aſſiſt a friend in diſtreſs,

Tho. A friend in diſtreſs! if I had not a heart to aſſiſt even an enemy in diſtreſs, I wou'd ill deſerve the name of an Engliſhman; beſides, it is the intereſt of all Britons to ſtand by each other, when we have near a quarter of the world againſt us.

SONG.

From Briſtol Quay I ſail'd one night,
The wind was fair, the moon was bright,
My purſe was full, my heart was light,
My ſenſes danc'd with joy, ſir.
No doubt I might have ſtaid at home,
But tho' it is my chance to roam,
I ſtill find friendſhip where I come,
For I'm an Engliſh boy, ſir.

Where'er I meet a Lad that's true,
I'll tell you what I always do,
I ſhew my purſe and friendſhip too,
And he may both employ, ſir;
But if I meet a ſurly blade,
Who pride's to ſhow how ill he's bred,

I let him ſee I know my Trade (boxing attitude)
For I'm an Engliſh boy, ſir.

To give my character at once,
I'm not too ſharp, nor yet a dunce,
I neither take nor give affronts,
For I'm no lad for noiſe, ſir;
I love my King and hate the French,
I take a glaſs, and kiſs a wench,
In friendſhip's cauſe I'm ever ſtaunch,
Like many Engliſh boys, Sir.

SCENE 2. *A Chamber.*

Mr. O'CREDULOUS.

Thomas, I ſay Thomas. (*Enter* Thomas

Tho. Here I am Sir.

O'Cred. Any news Thomas, any news?

Tho. The French have reached Caſtle-bar.

O'Cred. Hang the French. Is there nothing freſh?

Tho. Yes, there's a boatful of freſh herrings,

O'Cred. Freſh herrings! you blockhead, I have better news than that, Mr. M'Vapour will be here to-night, to marry my daughter.

Tho. And what's to become of my countryman?

O'Cred. What the Engliſh Captain. Oh dear, I love the gentleman very well, and I confeſs it was very heroic of the Militia to come over to our aſſiſtance, but I cannot let my fortune out of the family, and Mr. M'Vapour is a relation who will aſſume my name after my death, and keep up the dignity of my houſe.

Tho. And yet you never ſaw him.

O'Cred. No matter for that, I'm told he's a great genius, a wonderful contriver.

Tho. I'm told he's no relation at all.

O'Cred Oh yes, you'll find in ſome of our hiſtorians, how the M'Vapours and O'Credulous's have been allied ſince the days of Nebuchadnezzar.

Tho. What was he a relation of yours too?

O'Cred. Who? Nebuchadnezzar, no no, I don't read that in Hiſtory, but my daughter muſt forget the Captain.

Tho. I wiſh we could make the Capt. forget her too.

O'Cred. That will prove difficult, the Engliſh in love and friendſhip are as unchangeable, as the law of the Medes and Perſians.

Tho. And yet there's a method of making them forget each other.

O'Cred. How ſo, Thomas, how ſo!

Tho. There's a certain powder which might be bought to mix with his drink.

O'Cred. Pſhaw! don't think me ſo great a gull as to ſwallow a pilchard for a herring. It won't do.

Tho. I never ſaw a gentleman ſo hard to convince.

O'Cred. So much the better, I always ſteer between two rocks.

Tho. There can be no harm in trying.

O'Cred, None i th e leaſt.

Tho. I'll give Mrs. Scorewell a few grains of the powder to mix with his drink.

O'Cred. Do, and if you ſucceed, I'll reward you; for I wou'd not have the young fellow hankering after her when ſhe's married.

Tho. You muſt give me your promiſe on black and white.

O'Cred. Very well, draw it up and I'll ſign it, but it will end in nothing at all.

Tho. I'll ſing you a Song of nothing at all.

SONG. AIR, *Rural Felicity.*

Some Songs are of one thing, and ſome of another,
Some Songs are of ſorrow and ſome full of glee,
Where one will inſtruct you we've twenty will bother
Your ears with a feedle dee daddle de dee.
In this which I bring you, by Mungo by Jingo,

Altho' I can't ſing, you ſhall hear I can bawl,
And as for the matter, by George it's no better,
Than what you may pleaſe to call nothing at all.

Miſs Nanny the pet of both father and mother,
Had caſt a fond eye on young Tommy the Clerk;
One night they were prating and chatting together,
The candle went out, and they ſat in the dark.
Her father thus caught her and roar'd out now daughter,
Pray what were you doing, explain to me all,
Then Nanny made anſwer, juſt here with this man, ſir,
What cou'd we be doing! Lord! nothing at all.

Proud Monſieur of Frogland puff'd up like a bladder,
(For muſhrooms in power are ſubject to pride,)
Had made a great vow, pleaſe the wind & the weather,
That he would take Britain and Ireland beſides.
As they were commanded in Cambria they landed,
Some croocked, ſome ſtraight, and ſome ſhort and ſome tall,
For all their bravadoes when they did invade us,
Pray what made they of it—juſt nothing at all.

Enter SOPHIA and JENNY.

O'Cred. Sophy my dear, Mr. M'Vapour is coming.

Sophy. I'm ſorry for it

O'Cred. Sorry to ſee the man you're to marry!

Jenny. I ſay ſhe ſhall not marry him.

O'Cred. You ſay!

Jenny. Yes and I'll make you ſay ſo too. Look at me unkie nunkie; bleſſings on that twinky winkie, blearie wearie eye; ah! there's a ſmile, a ſweet ſmile, a conſenting ſmile.

O'Cred. I won't be flatter'd.

Jenny. Sweet unkie, conſider you were once a youth yourſelf.

O'Cred. You may juſt hold your tongue.

Jenny. Recollect your love, your fears, your raptures—

O'Cred. I don't hear a word you ſay.

(ſtopping his ears)

Jenny. And will you ſuffer one cruel action to blaſt your fame? There, now, he relents. Bleſſings on that ſweet face, there's a picture of good nature.

O'Cred. Indeed, I never was thought very cruel.

Jenny. No indeed, it's not in your temper, Unkie.

O'Cred. I dare ſay not, and yet for all that, keep you away, or I'll knock you down with my cane.

Jenny. Oh fie! unkie nunkie.

O'Cred. I will by George!

Jenny. By George! you dare not.

(her hands akimbo.)

O'Cred. Dare not! who will hinder me—

(brandiſhing his cane)

Jenny. Your own good nature will hinder you; ſee there, it has ta'en hold of you by the arm *(throwing her arms open)* come, now ſtrike, ſtrike your own dear, fond niece, who came all the way from Scotland to ſee her dear ſweet unkie nunkie.

(patting his cheek,

O'Cred. Oh you cunning gipſey! I cannot ſtrike --you have diſarm'd me, *(dropping his cane)* come, now, give me a kiſs, you're my ſiſter's daughter.

Jenny. Aye will I unkie---come, now, give me another, you're my mother's brother.

O'Cred. By the lord, and ſo I am! I wiſh my daughter had a little of your volatile temper. Come give us one of your Scots airs to divert her.

Jenny, Aye will I, unkie nunkie.

SONG.

My daddie bade me take the laird,
Tho' he was ſixty years and ten,
But feint a bit I wad na do't,
For he can hardly gang his lane.
The ſilly cuſt came here yeſtreen,
A bragging of his lands and gear,

But I've a lover of my ain,
My handſome Britiſh Volunteer.

Let ſurly loons wha wiſh na weel,
To either Country, King or State,
Be boding ſtill of ills to come,
To ſhow their ſpleen and fooliſh hate.
But Monſieur Frenchman ſtay at hame.
We dinna mind your threats and jeers,
When ilka Town on Britiſh ground,
Can boaſt ſuch loyal Volunteers.

Frae Johny groats to Scilly Rocks,
Tho' ilka hill were made in ane,
And a' that hill were turn'd to gou'd,
And a' that gou'd were ca'd my ain.
Wi' heart and hand I'd give it a',
To the ſweet lad I like ſo dear,
And gin ye wiſh to ken his name.
It is my Britiſh Volunteer.

M'Vap. (*entering*) Mr. O'Credulous, I preſume?

O'Cred. At your ſervice, ſir.

M'Vap. My name is Mr. Denny M'Vapour, I beg ten thouſand pardons for not being here ſooner.

O'Cred. Oh ſir, I admit your apology, I know you're a genius, and muſt devote a great deal of your time to ſtudy.

M'Vap. Perfectly right ſir, I have conſumed ten days in attempting to diſcover how Taylors might work without clippings, Carpenters without chips, Smiths without ſparks & Shoemakers without parings

O'Cred. And have you ſucceeded?

M'Vap. Not quite, but I have brought home eighteen hundred yellow boys of the fortune left me abroad, the reſt will ſoon follow, then I ſhall give ſuch a ſcope to my genius, and raiſe my fortune. What do you think I have invented lately?

O'Cred. I can't ſay.

M'Vap. No leſs than a military ſcreen, or portable Battery, for the uſe of any gentleman who may be troubled with a weakly courage in time of battle. I took the hint from Monſieur what do you call him, the inventor of the french rafts, the floating batteries, the—

O'Cred. Then I'm afraid you'll have to go to the Place where the hint originated; you'll get little encouragement in our army. A good cauſe and an honeſt heart, are the beſt breaſt-works a Britiſh Soldier can truſt to. (*Enter Thomas*)

Tho. Sir, you're wanted in the office.

O'Cred. Very well. Ladies, entertain the Gentleman till my return. *Exit*

M'Vap. No, I'll entertain the ladies. Now ladies you ſhall ſee the plan of my militaty ſcreen (*feeling his pockets*) oh, pity my noddle! pity my noddle, what's this! what's this! forgot my plan! what ſhall I do? oh here's a fire ſcreen, a good ſuccedanium. Now ladies this will give you a faint idea.—My military ſcreen, which is to be compoſed of ſteel, to repel musket bullets, will compreſs or expand at pleaſure. Here now we ſuppoſe the enemy's in front,---I ſpread my ſcreen before me; but there ſhould be a hole here—oh yes there muſt be a hole, (*thrusts his cane thro' it*)—There's a port-hole for my firelock.

Soph. Oh, the wretch has deſtroyed my ſcreen!

M'Vap. Softly ladies, ſoftly, I ſhall ſoon open a battery of love and courtſhip. The enemy's in front did I ſay---oh yes---puff! puff! who's afraid! fire away! nothing can hurt me behind my portable battery.

Jenny. But General, if they attack you in the rear?

M'Vap. Ha, ha, General! well I'll wear the title for your ſake. Attack me in the rear will they? if they do, here's my remedy. (*Runs to the other ſide,*

and puts his cane thro') Now I'm ready for them, fire away!

Soph. Ha, ha, ha, but if you ſhould be ſurrounded?

M'Vap. Surrounded am I? I have my remedy for that too. [*Going round about and pretending to fire at each angle*] Fire away Flannagan, bravo! the day's our own.

Enter Snatchim *and* Captain.

Snatch. You lie you thief it's not your own.

Capt. That's him.

Snatch. Oh, you need not tell me that, any body may ſee he's either a fool or a frenchman by his capers. I'm ſorry I can't ſpeak french.

Capt. Never mind that, he knows all languages.

Snatch. I dare ſay he does—ſervant ladies---I'll ſpeak to him, Parly vow*. how do you do?

M'Vap. Pretty well, how are you? damn'd impudent ſon of a blockhead. (*aſide*)

Snatch. You ſpeak good Engliſh.

M'Vap. Do you think ſo, old Leather-wig?

Snatch, But when you're at home, the French----

M'Vap. Oh yes. I'm always at home in the French and the Dutch too.

Snatch. In the French and Dutch too! I believe you my boy. This will do: and how do you like this Country?

M'Vap. Pretty well, with a little improvement---

Snatch. Improvement! mind that, I'll bring him to confeſs, (*to the ladies*) & mayhap you're come to make ſome alterations?

M'Vap. Oh yes, great alterations.

Snatch. And mayhap you had ſome private encouragement to come?

M'Vap. To be ſure I had, and even if I had not, I think my yellow boys could have pav'd my way.

* *Parlez vous.*

Snatch. Yellow boys!

Capt. Yes, he means his ſun-burnt Frenchmen.

Snatch. Thank you neighbour---and pray now my friend (no, damme, my enemy. I mean) how many of your yellow boys did you bring to Ireland---we were told eighteen hundred.

M'Vap. Right again old leatherwig.

Snatch. And had not you a damn'd ſtock of impudence to venture here with ſo few yellow boys as you call them?

M'Vap. Not at all, my eighteen hundred yellow boys will raiſe me a hundred thouſand more.

Snatch, You lie, you rogue, you lie, we'll riſe no more, we've had enough of that already.

M'Vap. What do you mean?

Snatch. I mean that I know you Mr; General.

M'Vap. Mr General! ha, ha, ha, what have you dubb'd me a General too?

Snatch, (*takes out a pocket-book*) Come, ſir, I'll take down your confeſſion and then commit you.---your name is general, what is it?---I'll leave a blank for it---come here with an army of yellow boys.

M'Vap. Oh, pity my noddle! is the fellow mad, or is he the buffoon or jeſter of your family madam?

Snatch. He wont confeſs I ſee---how many evidences does it require to convict a rogue?

Capt. Three will do.

Snatch. I'm glad of it; ſome people go about to get evidences, I always carry mine in my hand.---There's one, (*ſtrikes with a ſtick*) won't you confeſs---no---there's two; won't you confeſs---no---there's three; won't you confeſs---no---(*going to ſtrike*)

M'Vap. What ſhall I confeſs?

Snatch. Confeſs that you are general what do you call him, come here with a french army.

M'Vap. Oh, pity my noddle!

Snatch. Damn your noddle! (*going to ſtrike*)

M'Vap. Hold! hold! I do confeſs.

Snatch. Oh, ho! do you ſo? I thought I'd bring you to. Neighbour, I ſee you underſtand the law. It took juſt three good thumps to convict him.—Seize him. *(to Capt.)*

M'Vap. Oh murder! pity my noddle! Mr. O' Credulous! young man! ladies! help! pity my noddle.

Snatch. *(dragging him off)* £20,000, a good job! a good job!

Jenny. Pity my noddle. ha, ha, ha.

Sopn. Poor general, ha, ha, ha. *[re-enter Capt.*

Capt. I ſlipt away from the conſtable, when he had turned the corner. My dear Sophia, now is our time.

Jenny. Oh, no doubt, my pretty pair of pigeons, you are ready to take wing, but had not you as well ſtay and get a few guineas from urkie nurkie, to feather your neſt?

Soph. I would rather ſtarve with him than—

Jenny. Than with any other I dare ſay, but do you know my good couſin, that talking of ſtarving with a full pocket, is like viewing a battle at a great diſtance?

Soph. But we ſhall never part as we did before.

DUET.

Why did you go my cruel dear,
How cou'd you think to leave me?
Every day I thought a year,
So did your abſence grieve me.

Capt. *When to the Battle I did go,*
The love of honour fir'd me,
But when I overcame the Foe,
'Twas your ſweet charms inſpir'd me.

Soph. *When I ſat down and wept all day,*
My friends were always jeering

Oh let her weep, poor ſoul, ſaid they,
Her love's a Volunteering.

Capt. Tho' the thick clouds of dark deſpair,
Did for awhile hang o'er us,
New hopes diſpell each anxious care,
And all is joy before us. [*Enter O'Cred.*]

O'Cred. Hold you merry ladies; I ſee you're diverting him with a ſong.---No, I don't ſee any ſuch thing, where's Mr. M'Vapour?

Soph. I ſaw no ſuch perſon.

O'Cred. Did not I leave him here with the military ſcreen?

Soph. You left Mr. Caper here.

O'Cred. Mr. who?

Soph. Mr. Caper the dancing maſter.

O'Cred. Dancing maſter! where is he now?

Soph. When I threatened to expoſe him, he ran away, but I ſent the conſtable after him, and here's the conſtable's man. Why don't you go after your maſter, friend? whether you catch Caper or not, come back, I'll be impatient to ſee you. *exit Capt*

O'Cred. Dancing maſter! damn'd skipping, tripping ſon of a —— what lies he told me!---I wiſh I had him here *(flouriſhing his cane)* his military ſcreen ſhould not protect him.

[*Sophy runs to one ſide, Jenny to the other.*

Soph. Take care couſin, he'll knock down all the pictures in the room.

Jenny. All the pictures! my faith, I believe he'll knock down all the originals in the room if we don't take care.

O'Cred. I'll go in queſt of him, (*meets Thomas*) ladies, retire a little, I want to ſpeak to this youth. Well Thomas what of the Captain?

Tho. He'll never trouble your daughter any more.

O'Cred. Clever fellow, Thomas, clever fellow!

Now I'll tell you a ſecret. I'm in love with Bett the chamber-maid, and ſhe doats upon Harry the coachman, will you let me have a doſe (let it be a very ſtrong one) for I want to forget her.

Tho. Oh yes ſir.

O'*Cred.* Clever fellow! Thomas, clever fellow! what do you call the powder?

Tho. I believe the common name is arſeneic.

O'*Cred.* Arſenic! why that's rank poiſon!

Tho. And the fineſt thing in the world to make you forget any thing.

O'*Cred.* You did not give him poiſon did you?

Tho. No but I gave it to Mrs. Scorewell, to mix with his drink.

O'*Cred.* Oh! my reputation—.

Tho. Never fear, I have ſecured your reputation.

O'*Cred.* How ſo, Thomas, how ſo, clever fellow?

Tho. I told the ſtory all over the village, and when the people applauded my ingenuity, I diſclaimed all merit in the buſineſs, and ſaid, I only acted in obedience to your orders.

O'*Cred.* Curſed fellow! I'll be hang'd---run and prevent the murder, ſtupid fellow!

AIR.

Tho. *Indeed I'm very ſorry,*
And humbly beg your pardon, ſir,
O'*Cred.* *'Twill make a ſad like ſtory,*
My life's not worth a farthing, ſir.
(The Ladies advance.
Jenny. *Oh come come, get ready O,*
'Tis time that you were bidding us,
Seph. *O dear! dear! ſweet daddy O,*
What a fine thing a wedding is.
Jenny. *I'll teach you how to dance, ſir,*
Look there, one, two, three, four, ſir.
(four ſteps to the front.

Soph. *Tho' I was ne'er in France, sir,*
I'll do what's in my power, sir. (*A step.*
Tho. *Come, come, turn out your toes;*
You never will learn cheaper O. [*to O'Cred.*
O'Cred. *As I'm alive, I'm sixty-five.*
A pretty time to caper O.
(*dance up between the Ladies*

ACT II. *Mrs. Scorewell's House.*

CAPTAIN and THOMAS.

Capt. Ha, ha! I can't help laughing at poor Denny M'Vapour.

Tho. Yes, yes, he's secure enough.

Capt. I suppose the constable will easily be reconcil'd, as my desertion precludes my having any share of the reward, and the old gentleman imagines me dead.

Tho. Yes, and as I'll manage matters, he'll not only look upon himself as an accomplice, but the very principal in the murder.

Capt. So to avoid the gallows- ----

Tho. He'll come into any terms I please.

Capt. But if he shou'd see Mrs. Scorewell?

Tho. If he shou'd I'm prepared for him; she has a favourite black pig whose leg was broke at our house to day. Now lame as this little pig is, I'll make him carry us a good way thro' this adventure.

Capt. But if we should be call'd out to night.?

Tho. If you are, your love must wait upon your duty.

Capt. True, Thomas.

SONG.

Honour loudly calls upon me,
To some glorious feat of arms,
Love that has almost undone me,
Binds me to my fair one's charms.

'Twixt my love of fame and beauty,
What expedient can I find?
Let my arm purſue my duty,
But my heart ſhall ſtay behind.

Yet ſince heart and arm together,
To my country's cauſe ſhou'd cling,
How can I give to another,
What belongs to George my king?
Deareſt love, this night I'll borrow,
My fond heart from Cupid's chain,
When the Battle's o'er to-morrow,
I will ſigh it back again.

Tho. Here comes Mrs. Scorewell. I pray retire and get on your pilot's dreſs, and I'll procure you another ſight of the lady.

Capt. Succeſs! *Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Scorewell.

Mrs. Score. Your ſervant ſir, a ſight of you is good for ſore eyes. Do you know that my poor little black pig—

Tho. Had his leg broke. I'll tell you how that happened; you remember my maſter had a couſin kill'd at Vinegar-hill, and the pigs devoured him.

Mrs. Score. Indeed I'm told they devour'd many.

Tho. He never can endure the ſight of a pig ſince, ſo he order'd me to break his leg.

Mrs. Score. Oh the cruel man! muſt other people ſuffer for his whims?

Tho. But he ſends you this guinea upon condition that you kill him immediately.

Mrs. Score. Oh the dear man! well, people can't help their oddities. A guinea! that's ſelling my pig, and eating my pig as the man ſays.

Tho. But if you ſhould meet my maſter, you muſt never mention the word pig, ſay you kill'd *him*, and ſo on, for ſince the affair at Vinegar-hill——

Mrs. Sco. Never fear, I'll obſerve your inſtructions

Tho. Do, and ſo--ſo, good day.

Mrs. Score. Mercy upon us! are you going that way?

Tho. Is there any other way of getting out?

Mrs. Score. Oh there's nobody ſo ſtupid as him that won't underſtand. Ah Thomas, I know when to look for Chriſtmas day, New-year's-day, May-day and Lammas-day, but you're the only callender that can tell me when I'm to look for our marriage-day.

DUET. AIR, *Britiſh Grenadiers.*

Tho. Will you be ſtill purſuing,
My pretty ancient girl?
Mrs. Sco. This war has baniſh'd wooing,
Out of this wicked world.
Tho. Oh. row, dow dow, dow dow dow, dow, (*drum*
Mrs. Sco. Ah, wick, wick, wick, wick wee, (*fife*
Tho. And tanta, rara. rara, ra. (*Trumpet*
Mrs. Sc. Has ſtole your heart from me.
Chorus, Oh row dow, &c.

Tho. 'Tis Mars that leads to glory,
Then Cupid let me go.
Mrs. Sco. Indeed, I wou'd be ſorry,
To uſe poor Cupid ſo.
Tho. Do you not ſee our Yeomen,
How bold they ruſh to war?
Mrs. Sco. And yet I believe, we've few men.
More valued by the fair.
Chorus. Oh row dow dow, &c.

Mrs. Sco. When Regulars and Militia,
For battle do prepare.
Tho. Indeed my chaſte Lucretia,
Your Tommy muſt be there.
Mrs. Sco. I fear I'll ſpoil my eyes, ſir,
Whenever you engage.

Two. Your peepers ſhou'd be wiſer,
I'm ſure their come of age.
Chorus, Oh row dow dow, &c.

SCENE, *outſide of O'Credulous's Houſe.*

O'Cred. I burn, I fry with impatience, and yet the rogue won't come with one drop of comfort. If the gentleman is poiſon'd— *(Enter Jenny*

Jenny. Where are you unkie? is every thing ready for the wedding? have you beſpoke a new ſuit? you don't mean to wear that wig? put it a little more over your ears, there now; are the fiddlers ready? Lud! we ſhall have ſuch dancing! what ſhall I do for a partner? Come, unkie, nunkie, you & I can practiſe. *(taking his hands)* Hold up your head---turn out your toes---you ſhall ſee me dance ſuch a jig!

O'Cred. Yes, and you ſhall ſee me dance a jig too, I fear.

Jenny. My heart's ſo light, my feet will ſcarce touch the ground.

O'Cred. Nor mine either. But my heart is not light for all that.

Jenny. I'll ſwim with ſuch an air, you'll ſwear I dance upon nothing.

O'Cred. Swing in the air! and dance upon nothing! That will be my caſe, oh ſhe has certainly hear of my misfortune. *(aſide)*

Jenny. What do think I dream'd laſt night?

O'Cred. Some plaguy nonſenſe, I'll warrant.

Jenny. I dream'd you were turn'd rope-dancer.

O'Cred. Rope-dancer! it's all over, *(weeps)* Her very dreams—

Jenny. What's the matter? does n't it ſignify honour?

O'Cred. Oh yes, it will make me immortal.

Jenny. But why ſo down in the mouth? you'll

have all the country here to congratulate you upon this public occaſion.

O'Cred. Curſe their congratulation!

Jenny. It's what they have long wiſh'd for.

O'Cred. Is it? I'm much oblig'd to them, but tell me ſeriouſly, did you hear if the gentleman is dead?

Jenny. I muſt not tell you that. What does he mean. (*aſide*)

O'Cred. Muſt not tell me that! oh, it's true enough then, her concern for me won't let her tell.

Jenny. I'll ſing you a ſong.

O'Cred. Oho! her concern ſets her a ſinging, ſhe wiſhes me dead. Poor old unkie, nunkie! *cries.*

SONG, *Get married as ſoon as you can.*

Young Jame of the vale, with his flattering tale,
Thought to carry my heart once away, once away,
He ſaid I was fair, moſt charming and rare,
More ſweet than the opening flowrets in May.
Like a ſilly young maid, I believ'd what he ſaid,
For his words and my glaſs did agree did agree,
But hold ſir, ſaid I, ſince you rate me ſo high,
Do you think I wou'd wed ſuch a fellow as thee?

He ſigh'd and he pray'd, but for all that he ſaid,
I reſolv'd not to wed with a clown with a clown,
I gave myſelf airs, my young lover deſpairs,
For all he obtain'd was a frown, was a frown.
Without hopes of a cure, he no more cou'd endure,
The effects of my pride and diſdain and diſdain;
And now he is gone, and I'm courted by none,
I wiſh he wou'd make the ſame offer again.

Enter Thomas *and* Captain.

O'Cred. Thomas, who is that with you?

Tho. This is the Pilot who went on board the fleet which brought the French to Ireland. Couſin,

tell my maſter what news from Caſtle-bar.

(*Capt. mumbles like a dumb man*)

O'Cred. What's that?

Tho. A little impediment in his ſpeech, owing to their having cut out his tongue.

O'Cred. What do they guillotine tongues too? let me ſee your tongue (*he ſnaps at his fingers*) what have you brought, a ſnapping turtle, you raſcal?

Tho. Sir, If he had pen, ink and paper——

O'Cred. You're right, Jenny, take this fellow into the houſe & give him my writing implements.

Jenny. Poor fellow, has he loſt his tongue?

O'Cred. Aye, has he, but you may lend him a piece of yours, you can very well ſpare it.

Jenny. Come, away poor dummie.

[*He goes off making ſigns like a dumb man*]

O'Cred, Now, Thomas, did you prevent the murder?

Tho. No, he was dead before I came.

O'Cred. But you know I never advis'd you.

Tho, Did not you? I think I have it on black and white that you employ'd me.

O'Cred, Curſed fellow! I'll be hang'd, and my ſpeech will be ſold for a halfpenny. Oh dear!

Tho. I don't think it will be dear at a halfpenny, if you publiſh it on good paper.

O'Cred. What ſhall I do?

Tho. If you were to ſend her a trifle by way of huſh-money, to buy her evidence.

O'Cred. Aye, that will do, the laſt time I ſaw her I thought ſhe and her family wou'd have eat me with kindneſs.

Tho. And if they had, you wou'd not have been the firſt.

O'Cred. What!

Tho. Nothing, but there are ſtrange ſtories.——

O'Cred. That they're cannibals! I won't believe it.

Tho. I don't bid you, and yet you ſee how the polite French have baniſhed all their vulgar prejudices; aboliſhed religion, diſregarded the ties of blood, ſubdued the feelings of humanity, and—and I'm told, that, like the free ſons of nature in the South Seas, they are actually arriv'd at ſuch a pitch of refinement, that they make no ſcruple to eat one another.

O'*Cred.* Curſe their refinements! barbarians! was ever man in ſuch a ſituation!

Tho. The more danger the more honour.

SONG, AIR, *Maid that tends the goats.*

Sweetly ſounds the voice of war,
To the fame aſpiring hero,
Noble are thoſe honeſt ſcars,
Which our Country's cauſe confers.
Sweet's the tale of danger's paſt,
Coming from the aged warrior,
Liſt'ning youths around him preſs,
Each hopes to be a ſharer
In the voice of future fame,
And tell his tale ſome other day.

Tho You can tell ſuch fine ſtories of your eſcape.

O'*Cred.* Run & give her theſe five guineas. But do you hear me, my lad, as there is a great probability that you'll be hang'd at any rate, had not you as well leave me out altogether? If you do I'll buy you an excellent ſuit of mourning, to appear genteel at the place of——

Tho. By no means ſir, I like to keep company with my betters,

O'*Cred.* Wicked fellow! go and give her the money before I'm expos'd.

Tho. Yes, ſir, (*returns*) But if you have not engag'd a printer for your laſt ſpeech, I have a couſin who will upon as reaſonable terms—

O'*Cred.* Get out, you ſon of a — (*drives him off*)

Now perhaps the rogue won't give her the money, and I dare not ask her. I'll go and ſound her at a diſtance. Yes, yes, I'll ſteer between two rocks, that's always my maxim. *Exit.*

SCENE, *Mrs. Scorewell's Houſe.*

Snatchim *and* M'Vapour.

Snatch. You need not tell me you're not a general I know what you are, ſo none of your tricks upon travellers. *Enter Clipſhears*

Clip. Gentlemen, your moſt humble come tumble down three pair of ſtairs and into a garret; he, he, he, I'm a funny devil, but I have no ill in my heart for all that.

M'Vap. Who are you?

Clip. Who am I! my name is Timothy Clipſhears Eſq. alias lady's trap-maker. I'll make you a ſuit of cloaths will catch them in dozens, you'll have them dangling about your neck like a bunch of buttons on a ſtring. I told you I was a funny devil, he, he, he, he.

Snatch. Who ſent for you?

Clip. Who ſent for me! I ſent for myſelf, for ſince this war began, I go about ſeeking for a job, like a hen ſeeking for a neſt, he, he, he.

Snatch. As my young man has deſerted me, this fellow ſhall be my aſſiſtant. (*aſide*) Timothy, I command you to ſtand centry over this man till I return from the door.

Clip. Od's clippings and patches! me turn centry! I'm afraid you've choſen the wrong web to cut a ſoldier from. Lord ſend us peace and plenty that's my family motto. I'll ſing you a ſong made by my great grand-father of peaceable memory. He liv'd to the age of 93, and never was known to lift his hand to any body but his wife, Hem, I'm afraid I have loſt my voice by the way. Hem!

SONG. Air, *Paddy the Weaver.*

I once went to Battle upon a bright day,
Where thouſands were drawn out in fighting array,
Some ſtood and ſome fell and ſome ſcores ran away,
You never ſaw any thing ſtranger.
Such flaſhing and ſmaſhing you never did ſee,
Such thumping and ſtumping, oh, terrible me!
Tho' honour forbids me to ſay I did flee,
I quickly mov'd off from the danger.

My comrades with wonder beheld my career,
Such laughing and ſcoffing you never did hear;
From the right to the left, from the front to the rear,
They roar'd out and bellow'd like thunder.
Like light'ning I flew and away I did ſcour,
I breath'd like a cloud, and I ſweat like a ſhower,
I ventur'd to ſtand when I'd ran a full hour,
And fain wou'd go back to the plunder.

Next morning the Raven came forth from the rock,
The Crows and the Magpies together did flock,
And on theſe great heroes who made me their mock,
They din'd and moſt ſumptuouſly fared.
Wook! ſays the raven, and then he did eat.
Tirririg! ſays the magpie, I'm glad we did meet.
Caw! caw! ſays the Crow, 'tis moſt excellent meat,
Fall to my good neighbours, don't ſpare it.

Snatch. If you let him go I'll clip your ears off. *(exit*

Clip. Clip my ears off! there's two of us can play at that game I ſuppoſe *(ſnapping his ſhears)* ſo you're a priſoner it ſeems.

M'Vap. Yes.

Clip. In the Croppy line?

M'Vap. Oh pity my noddle, no. I'll give you five guineas if you ſet me at liberty.

Clip. 'Tis a bargain, ſtand to your arms, my hearts of buckram, here he comes. *Enter Snatchim.*

Snatch. The coach is juſt ready, I'll trundle you off to Dublin Caſtle in a jiffy.

Clip. Mr. Snatchim, I believe I was once a lodger of yours, for a trifle of debt. Now if you have any bit of a job?

Snatch. Well thought on, I'll have a new ſuit off my £20,000. Have you got your meaſures about you?

Clip. Od's clippings and patches! aye, a taylor without his meaſure is like a ſhip without a compaſs —ſtand up, your honour, I hope to ſee you on the Bench yet. (*meaſuring & whiſtling*) Will you have a long or a ſhort waiſt?

Snatch. I'll have as little waſte as poſſible.

Clip. As little waſte as poſſible! are you up to that? od's clippings and patches! there muſt be a little. A remnant of all to be ſaved, as my old maſter Tom Cabbage us'd to ſay to his cuſtomers. (*pinions him*)

Snatch. What, are you tying my arms?

Clip. The neweſt faſhions from Paris. Don't ſtir your arms, till they have taken a ſet. Now, to honour's pantaloons.

Snatch. What are you doing with my ancle?

Clip. The lateſt faſhion from Paris, I meaſure both ancles at once to ſave time. (*ties his ancles.*

Snatch. You're tedious, have you any more to do?

Clip. Only this. (*pulls down Snatchims cap*) good morrow to your night cap! as Hamlet ſays in Jane Shore. Ha, ha, ha, we're three funny devils, but we have no ill in our minds for all that. (*pointing his finger at him*)

M'Vap. (*pointing his finger*) oh, pity my noddle! *exit*

Snatch. Oh murder! ſtop the General, ſtop pity my noddle, ſtop pity my noddle.

SCENE *outſide of Scorewell's Houſe,*

O'Credulous looking about.

O'*Cred.* Oh, here ſhe comes. (*Enter Mrs. Scorewell* But I'm afraid to mention—

Mrs. Score. There he is, but I muſt not ſpeak of the pig, for fear of bringing Vinegar-hill to his mind. (*aſide*)

O'*Cred.* Mrs, Scorewell, I was coming to— (*coughs*

Mrs. Score. And I was going to— (*ſneezes*)

O'*Cred.* To what?

Mrs Score. To thank your honour.

O'*Cred.* So Thomas gave you—

Mrs. Score. What you honour ſent.

O'*Cred.* And he deſired you——

Mrs. Score. Never to ſpeak of the p—— (*mum*

O'*Cred.* The p—— ſhe means the poiſon. I ſuppoſe I need not recommend ſecrecy.

Mrs. Score. The ſoro a ſecrecy.

O'*Cred.* But I'm ſorry for the accident.

Mrs. Score. Oh, there's not the leaſt occaſion, I was going to kill him at any rate.

O'*Cred.* The devil you were! and how did you take him off?

Mrs. Score. I made the hoſtler cut his throat.

O'*Cred.* Lord have mercy upon us! and where is he now?

Mrs. Score. Hanging in the cellar.

O'*Cred.* Softly, ſoftly! when its dark we muſt carry him out and bury him privately.

Mrs. Score. Bury him privately! upon my troth I'll do no ſuch thing. To morrow I mean to expoſe him in the market.

O'*Cred.* In the market!

Mrs. Score. Yes, and as I may ſay that you are the father of the feaſt, I mean to ſend you a leg.

O'*Cred.* Oh, murder!

Mrs. Score. But your honour don't like ſuch meat but I aſſure you he never was at Vinega— mum! (*ſtopping ſhort*)

O'Cred. Vinega— mum! her brain is turn'd (*aſide*

Mrs. Score. Many a hearty meal have I made of ſuch meat.

O'Cred. Have you? devil curſe your ſtomach. 'Tis true enough what Thomas hinted. (*aſide*

Mrs. Score. What can they ſay, only that you were in a paſſion when you ordered Thomas —

O'Cred. Will you hold your tongue?

Mrs. Score, Tho' you order'd me to kill him you paid very handſomely.

O'Cred. Oh death. Oh death. (*bell rings.*)

Mrs. Score. Coming! coming! (*returns*) will your honour allow me to broil you a bit of ſteak. *Exit.*

O'Cred. The devil broil you and bake you too. (enter *Thomas*) Oh, Thomas, it's all over.

Tho. All over the country! ſo it is. But I have one expedient to ſave you, yet.

O'Cred. What is it? what is it?

Tho. Sign this paper, drawn out by a couſin of mine, it gives your conſent to the Captain to marry your daughter. I'll ſwear it was done previous to the murder, and that will be a preſumptive proof that you bore him no malice.

O'Cred. So it will, give it me. But you muſt deliver me the black and white paper I gave you this morning. (*ſigns*)

Tho. There it is.

O'Cred. Aye, here it is indeed (*tears it*) my neck's my own! my neck's my own! now you raſcal! where's your black and white to convict me?

Enter M'Vapour at one door, Saph. & Jenny at another.

M'Vap. My dear Mr. O'Credulous was ever man led ſuch a dance?

O'Cred. But your dance wou'd not do you ſcoundrel.

M'Vap. Scoundrel! pity my noddle, is this Mr. O'Credulous?

O'Cred. Aye is it, as ſure as you're Mr. Caper.

M'Vap. Mr. Caper!

O'Cred. Yes, a skipping, tripping ſon of a—— give us a ſpecimen of your art.

M'Vap. What do you mean?

O'Cred. This, (*dancing.*)

M'Vap. I can't dance.

O'Cred. Can't you? (*brandiſhing his cane*)

M'Vap. No, I have but three ſteps, and theſe I learn'd from Tom Clinchfoot the cripple.

O'Cred. Begin, ſir, (*beats him, he dances clumſily*) up with it, ſir! none of your elephant ſteps. I'll make you ſkip like a roebuck. [*Enter Snatchim*

Snatch. Bad job! bad job!

O'Cred. What's the meaning of this, Snatchim?

Snatch. Aſk general Float Campo there.

O'Cred. Flat Crampo! where?

Snatch. There, that gentleman.

O'Cred. Ha, ha, ha, was there ever ſuch a block-head, to miſtake Caper the dancing-maſter for general Flat Crampus.

Jenny. He was not quite ſo wiſe as you unkie nunkie, when you miſtook Mr. M'Vapour for Caper the dancing-maſter.

O'Cred. What is this really Mr. M'Vapour?

Jenny. Aye, is it, unkie nunkie.

O'Cred. Did ever mortal hear the like?

Tho. You may aſk Capt. Firmlove here.

O'Cred. What the dumb pilot Capt. Firmlove!

Tho. To be ſure.

O'Cred. But was not Firmlove kill'd?

Tho. Clean dead with deſpair, but this paper has brought him to life again.

O'Cred. I tell you Firmlove had fine brown hair, and this fellow's pate is as red as a ſalamander.

Capt. If you diſlike the colour, I'll ſoon change it. (*pulling off a red wig*) In ſhort, ſir, your ill-grounded averſion obliged me to have recourſe to

ſtratagem. The ſoldier's motto is Love and War, and I hope that every one who has the honour to bear arms for his king and country, will always be ready to exert himſelf for either.

Jenny. Bravo! there's a ſpeech for you.

O'Cred. Yes, & I have a bit of a ſpeech for you too. For the part you bore in dubbing your unkie nunke a fool, you ſhan't have my conſent to marry theſe twenty years.

Jenny. I don't care, I've laid aſide all thoughts of marriage now.

O'Cred. Have you, then I'll make you marry.

Jenny, Indeed you can't unkie nunkie. (*curtſying*

O'Cred. Indeed I can, ſaucy niecie. (*bowing*

Jenny. Indeed you can't. (*playing with her fingers*

O'Cred. Can't! why ſo? (*mimicking her*

Jenny. Becauſe—becauſe. (*whimpering*

O'Cred. Becauſe what? [*angrily*

Jenny. Becauſe I'm married already, ha! ha! ha!

O'Cred. Married already!

Jenny. Yes, you know you would not dance with me, unkie, ſo I was oblig'd to look out for another partner.

O'Cred. And who is the unfortunate devil, that I may go and condole with him.

Jenny. (*taking Thomas's hand*) here he is ſir.

O'Cred. What, that raſcal!

Jenny. No, this gentleman.

O'Cred. Gentleman! who made him a gentleman?

Jenny. My money and His Majeſty's commiſſion.

O'Cred. Oho! your ſervant ſir, and who married you to my nieee?

Tho. The ſame who married your daughter to Captain Firmlove.

O'Credulous. My daughter! is ſhe married?

Sophia. Oh dear papa, I cou'd not help it.

O'Cred. Cou'd not help it! why, viper?

Sophia. Becauſe—becauſe——

O'*Cred.* What are you at your becauſes too? & what's your becauſe?

Sophia. Becauſe when a young girl becomes marriageable, ſhe's like a new bark ready to ſail, if ſhe does not embrace the firſt fair wind, ſhe may chance to lie a long while in the harbour.

O'*Cred.* Oh, you abomination! and who was it Mrs. Scorewell kill'd?

Mrs. Sco. (*entering*) Nothing but a black pig, ſir.

O'*Cred.* A black pig! what a day of blunders! well, I'm reſolv'd for the future to think twice before I believe once, what ſay you Mr. M'Vapour?

M'Vap. I ſay a man may have money in his pocket, and yet be a—

Jenny. Blockhead! what ſay you Snatchim?

Snatch. A bad job! a bad job.

O'*Cred.* I cannot ſay but I'm pretty well fixt, with an Engliſh ſervant, an Iriſh daughter, a Welch lover and a Scots niece.

Capt. If England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland would always ſtand firm to one cauſe as we did, they could beat the world. [*Enter a Yeoman*

Yeoman. Good news! good news! the French Troops are made priſoners at Ballynamuch.

O'*Cred.* Huzza! the conq'rors of Italy become the captives of Old England. Captain when you return home, I hope you'll not forget our Militia and Yeomanry.

Capt. Never fear, when we're oblig'd to ſpeak of the weeds, don't think we'll forget to mention the flowers of Old Ireland.

Yeoman. Huzza! ſee the French priſoners on their way to Dublin.

[*Back ſcene opens & diſcovers Boats full of French Priſoners on the Canal, muſic playing, God ſave the King.*

O'*Cred.* Fine news for the Directory!

FINALE.

Capt. *Ye peſts of France, ſince now you chance*
To ſtile yourſelves "Great Nation,"
Do all you can, your Fleets to man,
A Fig for your Invaſion!
Or ſhou'd you land, you cannot ſtand
Before our Troops ſo clever,
Like hares you'll fly, if we but cry,
Old England live for Ever!
Chorus. Ye peſts of France &c.

O'Cred. *Your heads of cork, go ſet to work,*
And ſet your ſchemes in motion,
Let Rafts and Floats, with Ships & Boats,
Like Woods riſe on the Ocean.
But who is he, that's King at Sea,
And Prince in every River;
Where Ships can ſail, or Guns prevail,
'Tis England's Fleet for Ever!

Thomas *Then come no more, towards our Shore,*
With ſtomachs ſharp and eager,
Like hungry Dogs, go eat your Frogs,
Or drown in your ſoup-meagre.
To grieve your hearts, (ſpite of your arts,
Two friendly Iſles to ſever)
John Bull and Pat, will joke and chat,
And be good Friends for Ever.

Soph. *While Faction's rage, your ſouls engage,*
To murder one another,
No Nature's hand, can ſtop your hand,
'Gainſt parent, ſon or brother.
Jenny. *While we more bleſt, are ſtill poſſeſt*
Of Laws by Heaven's favour,
Secure we'll ſing, God ſave the King,
And Britain's Iſle for Ever.

FINIS.